



HELPER & SIENKIEWICZ

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THE

SHADOW

TM



SHADOWS & LIGHT • Part 1

Shadowwritten
as told to Rupert Tame

It used to be easy. Back then, he had PROFESSIONALS taking down his stories, hanging on his every word -- one guy wrote novels, (twice a month, can you imagine??), a whole bunch did Radio stories -- they even made a few MOVIES -- and according to HIM, they wrote 'em just like he told them to.

Once, he told me that the pulps, the radio show -- all that stuff -- made his job a lot easier. He figured that with all those stories going around, most of the bad guys were too damn scared to try anything funny. He figured the stories cut his workload down by half.

But that was a long time ago, he says. Today, things are tougher than ever, and his job's at least twice as hard. So he tells me to write down all this stuff, take notes and things, cause he thinks that maybe one day the pulps -- or something like them -- will come back.

Me, I'm not so sure, but I'm not gonna argue with HIM. So I start at the beginning -- the NEW beginning, you understand -- and jot down everything he says.

I figure, who knows? Maybe one of these days they'll do a Shadow comic book or something.

After hiding out for more than thirty-five years, The Shadow returned, to hunt down and destroy the guy who was knocking off his agents from the old days. He found the murderer living in the penthouse of the Mayrock International Hotel and Casino -- along with a 10 Megaton nuclear weapon aimed directly at New York City.

Turns out the mysterious murderer -- guy calling himself Preston Mayrock -- was the REAL Lamont Cranston. The Cranston identity, we found out later, was never really TOOK the Cranston identity -- and everything that he's affectionately called) TOOK the Cranston identity -- and everything that went with it -- so he could hang out among the rich and famous (purely for BUSINESS reasons, you understand). Cranston and The Shadow (sons Bat, coat, and scarf, of course) shared almost identical facial features, so the swap was simple enough. The identity, needless to say, was ACQUIRED after the original Cranston was killed in an accident -- or so The Shadow believed.

But Cranston survived -- and, taking the name MAYROCK, slowly rebuilt his financial empire, continuing long after 1949, when The Shadow returned to his Himalayan retreat named Shamballah. About eight years ago, Mayrock stumbled upon the art of CLONING, and managed to speed-breed a none-too-bright "son," who, in the looks department at least, was identical to Mayrock's youthful self.

Rupert Tame

Unfortunately, though Mayrock and his science boys had a handle on the cloning angle, they hadn't quite mastered the art of EAZY TRANSPLANTS -- which is what Mayrock wanted to do with his half-fed son. Mayrock had been to Shamballah before (matter of fact, THAT was where he was SUPPOSED to have been KILLED), and knew that they had the technology to do the job over there -- the only problem was that he couldn't FIND the place. He figured he'd do whatever possible to lure The Shadow out of hiding, so that the Master could bring Dad and Junior back to Shamballah to perform the operation.

Course, there was no love lost between Mayrock and The Shadow -- hence, the need for the nuke. Sort of like, insurance, y'know?

That about brings us full circle, except for the fact that The Shadow came back, looking as good as the day he left -- and he brought his two sons, who were born and raised among some heavy scientific types over in Shamballah. He rounded up a bunch of new agents, along with the survivors of the old group, and set us all up to attack the Mayrock International Hotel and Casino.

As we did our bit parts, The Master hopped up to the penthouse, and popped Mayrock Senior real good. Understandably, this got Mayrock's clone/kid mad. He attacked The Shadow, which, anyone will tell you, is a STUPID thing to do. The kid fell off the roof with more than a couple of bullets in him -- fifty-three stories down, not counting sub-basements.

That was the last we heard of him.

For about twelve hours. Then, all hell broke loose.

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THE SHADOW I

Published monthly by DC Comics
Inc., 606 Fifth Avenue, New
York, NY 10103.

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ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY.

4 AM.



TOUGH NIGHT,
HUH?

SHADDUP.

CIGARETTE?

SHADDUP,
OR AH
SHUT YOU UP.

GOOD IDEA.
AH HATE FREAKS.



DON'T
PAY
TO BE
NICE...



HEY!
WHUD YOU--



--DO...?!



NOW JUST
ONE MINUTE,
BUSTER--



-- YOU TAKE A *SEAT*
AND WAIT YOUR TURN
LIKE THE *OTHERS*! JUST *WHO*
DO YOU THINK YOU...?



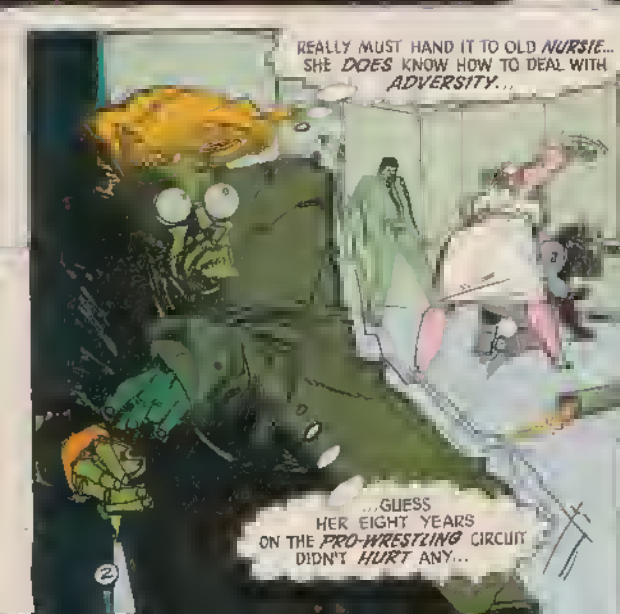
THAT'S IT!!



YOU WANNA PLAY
HARDBALL--
YOU GOT IT!!



IF I HADDA DIME
-- NGGHH-- FOR EVERY *TWO-BIT PUNK*
THAT --NGGHN-- TRIED TO
CUT IN LINE--



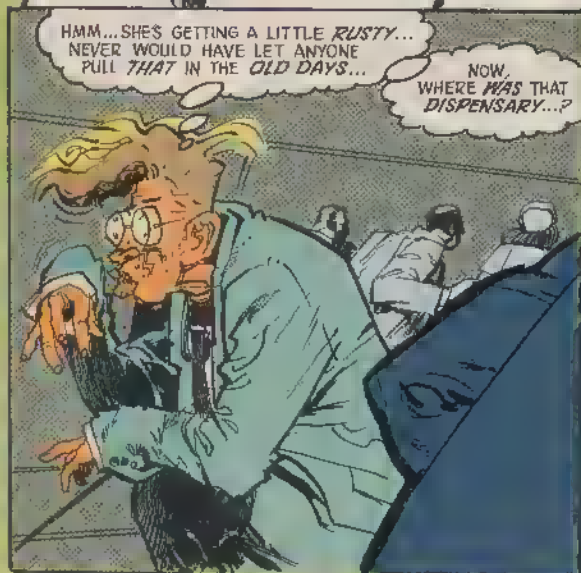
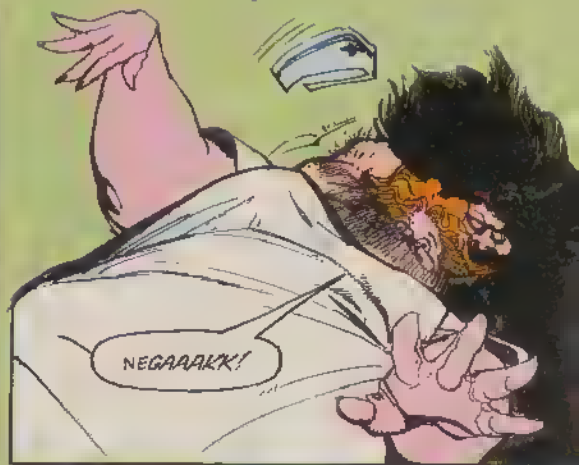
REALLY MUST HAND IT TO OLD *NURSE*...
SHE *DOES* KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH
ADVERSITY...

...GUESS
HER EIGHT YEARS
ON THE *PRO-WRESTLING* CIRCUIT
DIDN'T *HURT* ANY...



NO TIME
TO WATCH ANOTHER
EXHIBITION MATCH, THOUGH--
RUNNING *LOW* ON SUPPLIES--
AND *RELIEF* IS JUST
AROUND THE--

TWITCHKOWITZ!



SHADOWS AND LIGHT: PART I

HAT TRICK

SH- SH-SHADOWWW...

ENCY

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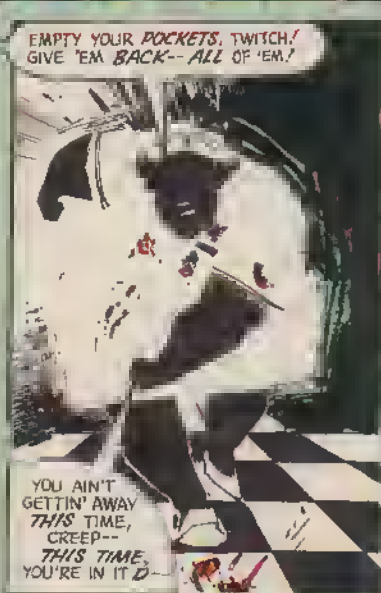
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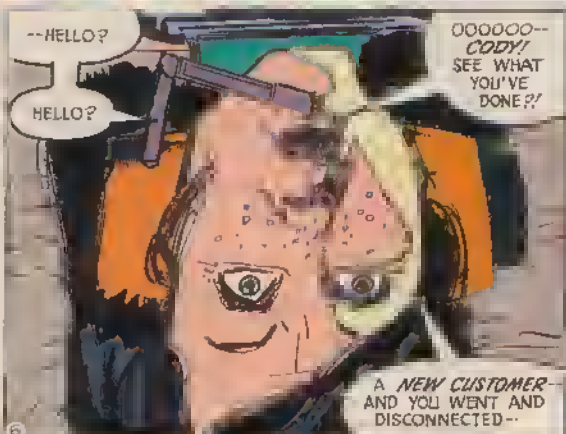
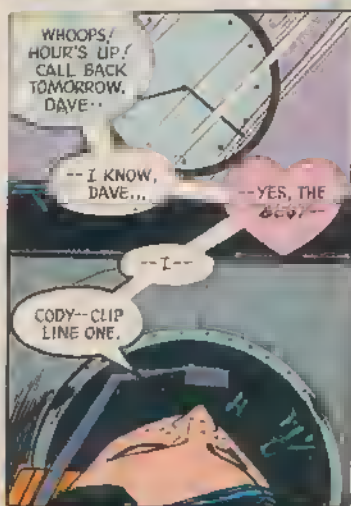
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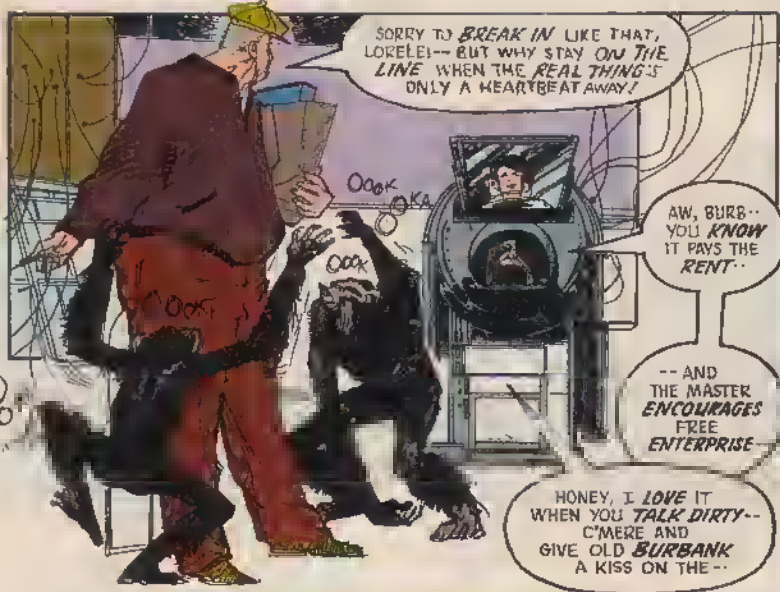
BOB LAPPAN
LETTERER

RICDMOND LEWIS
COLORIST

MIKE GOLD & MIKE CARLIN
EDITORS







SORRY TO *BREAK IN* LIKE THAT, LORELEI-- BUT WHY STAY *ON THE LINE* WHEN THE *REAL THING'S* ONLY A HEARTBEAT AWAY!

AW, BURB-- YOU *KNOW* IT PAYS THE *RENT*--

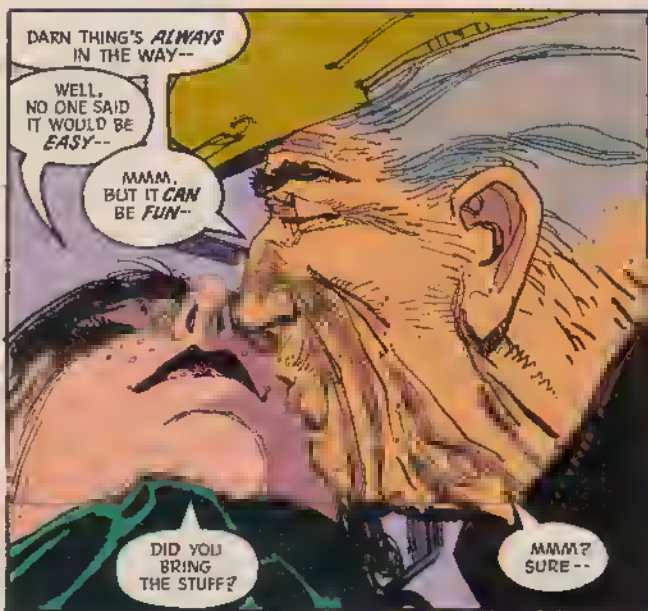
-- AND THE MASTER *ENCOURAGES* FREE *ENTERPRISE*--

HONEY, I *LOVE* IT WHEN YOU *TALK DIRTY*-- C'MERE AND GIVE OLD *BURBANK* A KISS ON THE--



OWWW!

TEE HEE-- YOU MAD, IMPETUOUS FOOL!



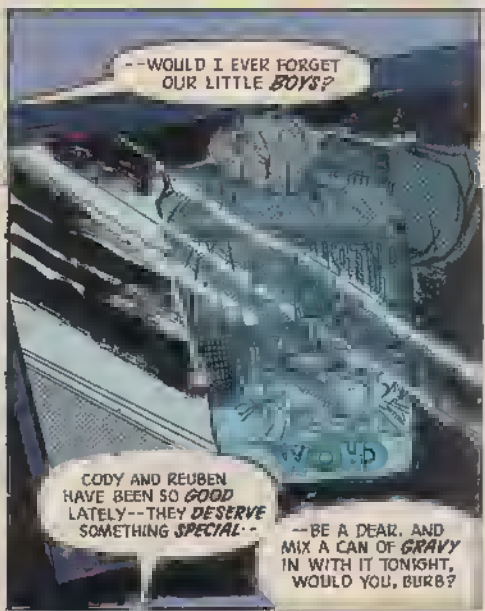
DARN THING'S *ALWAYS* IN THE WAY--

WELL, NO ONE SAID IT WOULD BE *EASY*--

MMM, BUT IT *CAN* BE *FUN*--

DID YOU BRING THE STUFF?

MMM? SURE--



-- WOULD I EVER FORGET OUR LITTLE *BOYS*?

CODY AND REUBEN HAVE BEEN SO *GOOD* LATELY-- THEY *DESERVE* SOMETHING *SPECIAL*--

-- BE A DEAR, AND MIX A CAN OF *GRAVY* IN WITH IT TONIGHT, WOULD YOU, BURB?



YES, MOTHER-- OUR BOYS DESERVE *ONLY* THE BEST--

UH-OH.

I GOT IT.

BURB-- WHO--?



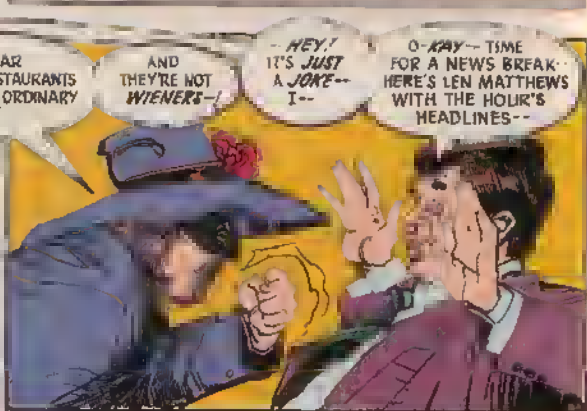
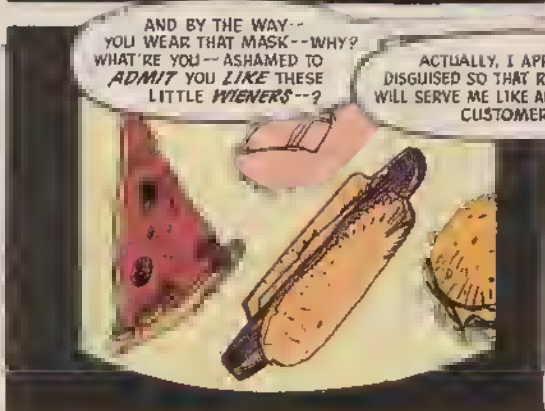
IT'S *TWITCH*-- WITH BAD NEWS.

HE SAYS THE MASTER'S IN A *BAD WAY*.

TIME TO GET HOLD OF THE OTHERS.



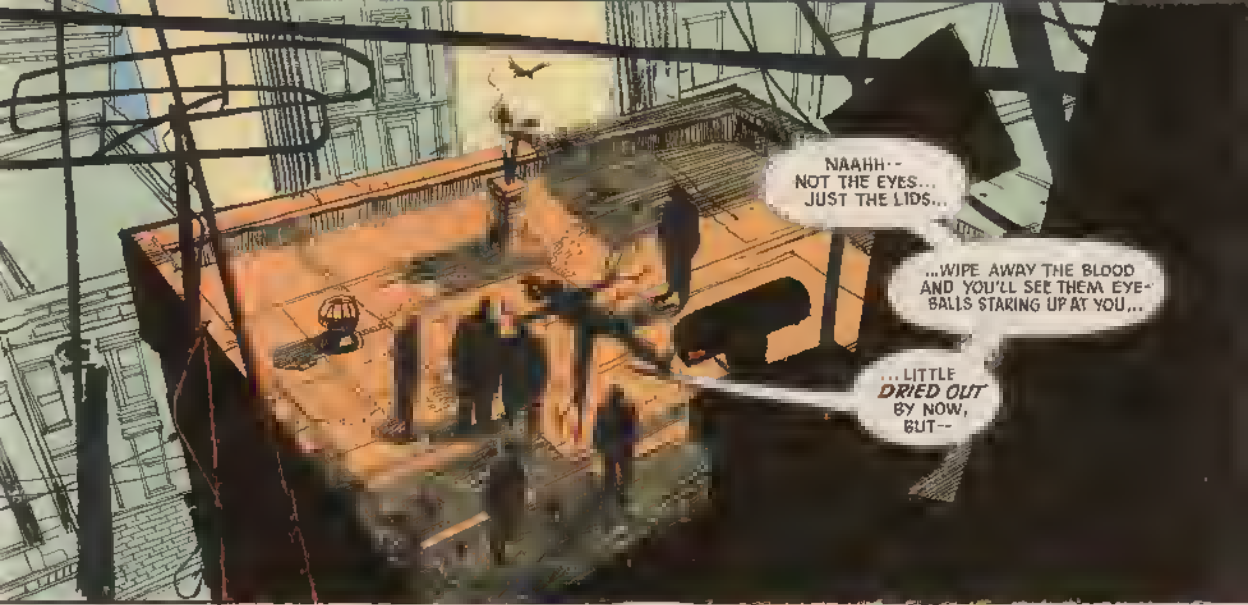
-- FOR AS THE *PALATE* FEASTS, SO SHOULD THE *EYES* TAKE IN THE BEAUTY OF THE--



BULLET-RIDDEN AND CLOSE TO DEATH, MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY *LAMONT CRANSTON JR.* STAGGERED INTO AN ATLANTIC CITY HOSPITAL THIS MORNING. EARLY REPORTS INDICATE THAT THE--



SOMETHING I-- ATE--



NAAHH--
NOT THE EYES...
JUST THE LIDS...

...WIPE AWAY THE BLOOD
AND YOU'LL SEE THEM EYE-
BALLS STARING UP AT YOU...

...LITTLE
DRIED OUT
BY NOW,
BUT--



-- MAX,
CHECK THAT OUT,
WOULD YOU--?

IF YOU DON'T
MIND, SIR, I'D
RATHER NOT--

HAVE IT
YOUR WAY,
MAX--

--**THAT'S** THE PROBLEM
WITH THE **FORCE** TODAY--

--NO ONE'S **WILLING**
TO TACKLE
THE **MESSY** JOBS!

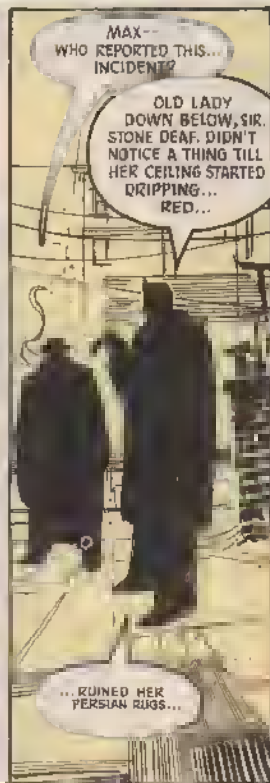
BUT-- **THAT'S**
WHY THEY CALL IN
JOE CARDONA.



YES, SIR-- CUT A MAN'S
EYELIDS OUT AND
NAIL HIM TO A
ROOFTOP--

--**MAN'S**
WORK,
THAT'S
WHAT
IT IS!

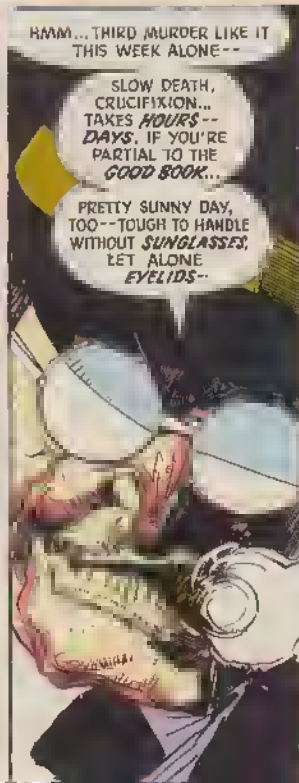
WELL
ENOUGH
OF THAT--



MAX--
WHO REPORTED THIS...
INCIDENT?

OLD LADY
DOWN BELOW, SIR.
STONE DEAF. DIDN'T
NOTICE A THING TILL
HER CEILING STARTED
DRIPPING...
RED...

...RUINED HER
PERSIAN RUGS...



HMM... THIRD MURDER LIKE IT
THIS WEEK ALONE--

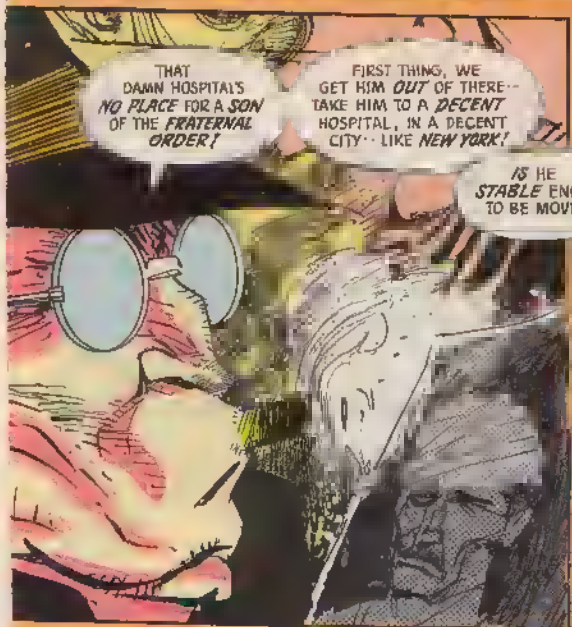
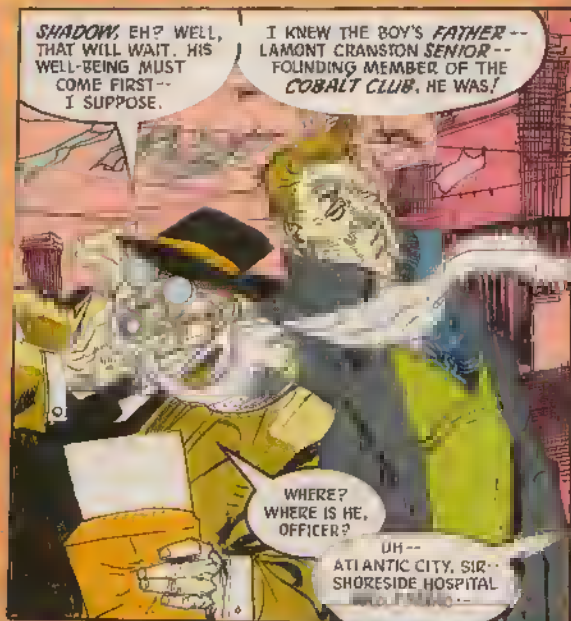
SLOW DEATH,
CRUCIFIXION...
TAKES **HOURS**--
DAYS. IF YOU'RE
PARTIAL TO THE
GOOD BOOK...

PRETTY SUNNY DAY,
TOO-- TOUGH TO HANDLE
WITHOUT **SUNGLASSES**.
LET ALONE
EYELIDS--



--I'D SAY
WE HAD A
PRETTY MEAN KILLER
ON OUR HANDS,
EH, KID?

--GULP--
YES, SIR...



YOU KNOW, MARGO --
THERE AREN'T MANY PLACES
LIKE THIS ONE LEFT -- GRAND
OLD BALLROOMS, DINNER
AND DANCING... BIG
BANDS... ROMANCE...

Puccocco's RESTAURANT

HARRY VINCENT --
YOU MUST HAVE SPENT
YEARS IN PLACES LIKE
THESE -- WOODING
YOUNG GIRLS --

NO, MARGO -- TRUTH IS, MY BEST YEARS
WERE SPENT IN *SERVICE*... NO *TIME*
FOR WOMEN --

-- NOT WITH
THE MASTER CALLING
ON ME MOST EVERY
NIGHT.

LESSEE... IT WASN'T
TILL '49, WHEN HE
DISAPPEARED, THAT I
STARTED PLAYIN'
THE FIELD...

... I WAS
WHAT YOU CALL A
LATE BLOOMER...

OH, HARRY...
THERE'S *TIME*
ENOUGH TO
MAKE UP FOR
THAT NOW...
WE COULD --

DON'T REGRET IT,
THOUGH -- NOT
A WHIT. GREAT
TIMES WE HAD.

FUNNY...
USUALLY,
I NEVER
~~THINK ABOUT~~
WHAT THE *BIG*
PICTURE WAS --
ONLY HE KNEW
THAT --

... BUT *SOMEHOW*, I ALWAYS
KNEW MY PART WAS *IMPORTANT*.
THAT MEANT A LOT TO ME.

HARRY, PLEASE -- LET'S
TALK ABOUT *US* --

I EVER TELL YOU
HOW WE FIRST MET?

NO.
BUT I --

ON A *BRIDGE*. I WAS SET TO *KILL*
MYSELF. HE STOPPED ME. WHAT A GUY.

HARRY --
I'M LEAVING.

WHA -- ?
WHAT'S WRONG?
WHAT'D I DO?

EXCUSE ME,
MS. LANE,
MR. VINCENT.
TELEPHONE

OOHH... CAN'T WE
EVEN HAVE A *MEAL*
WITHOUT HIM -- ?

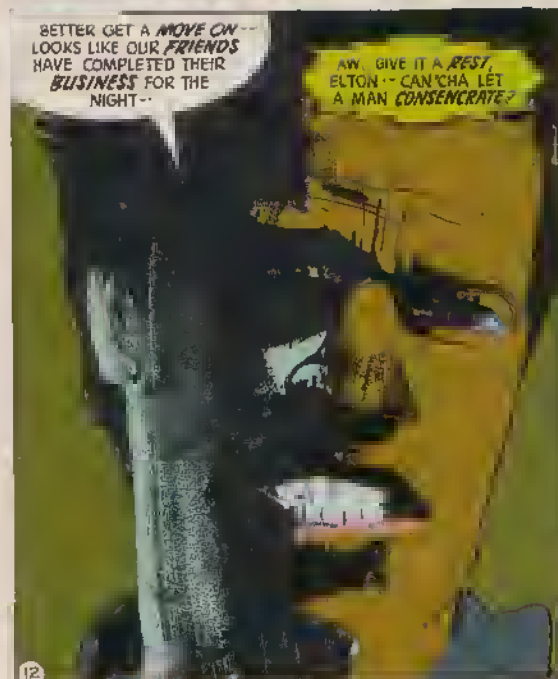
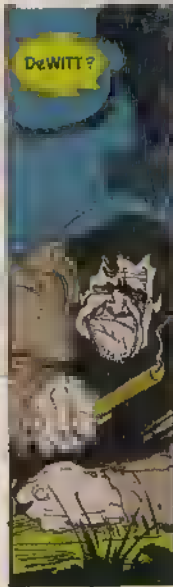
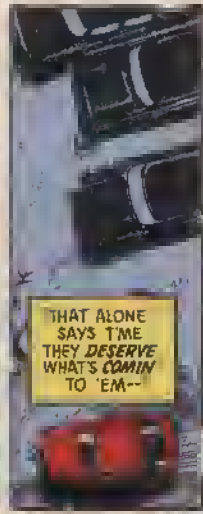
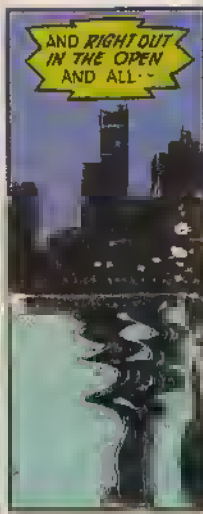
YES. GOOD LORD! I --
SEE. YES. RIGHT AWAY.

WHAT
IS IT
NOW?

TROUBLE. THE MASTER -- HE'S BEEN INJURED. *BADLY*.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND --
IN FIFTY YEARS HE *NEVER* --

I KNOW.
LET'S GO.





-- NOW I'M GETTIN'
THE HELL OUTTA
HERE--

-- BUT FAS-- OOOOFF!!



REAL SMOOTH GETAWAY,
DOWITT! IF WE'RE LUCKY,
HE'LL THINK YOU'RE JUST
ANOTHER SEEDY BUM!

HMMMM
NOW THAT
I THINK
OF IT...



SCREW
YOU,
ELT--
SQUALLS--

LATER, BUDDY--
WE'RE OFF
AND ROLLIN'
NOW--
YOU READY,
MAVIS?

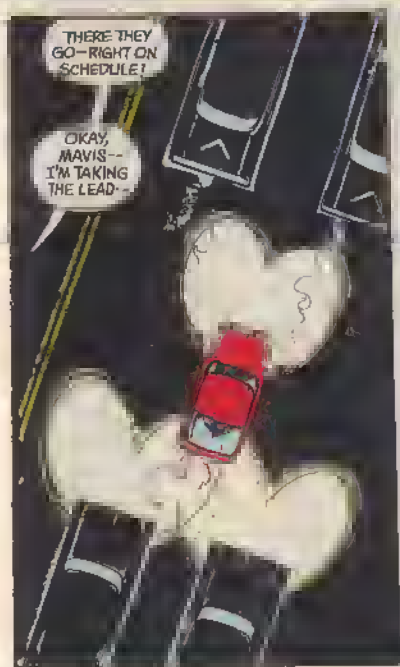


CHAMPING AT THE BIT,
MR. BUTTERFIELD.

GOOD-- THE
ENDURAGE SHOULD REACH
YOUR TOLL BOOTH IN ABOUT
FIVE MINUTES--

GOT TO KEEP THIS
NICE AND NEAT--NO
INNOCENTS IN
THE WAY.

THEY
SHOULD BE MOVING
NICE AND SLOW
UP RIVER STREET--



THERE THEY
GO--RIGHT ON
SCHEDULE!

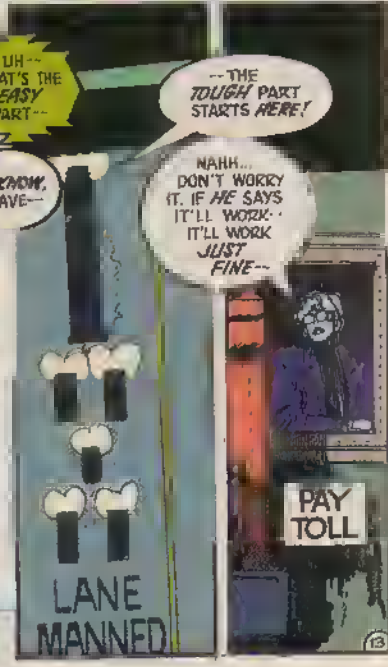
OKAY,
MAVIS--
I'M TAKING
THE LEAD--



--NOW!

UH--
THAT'S THE
EASY
PART--

I KNOW,
MAVE--

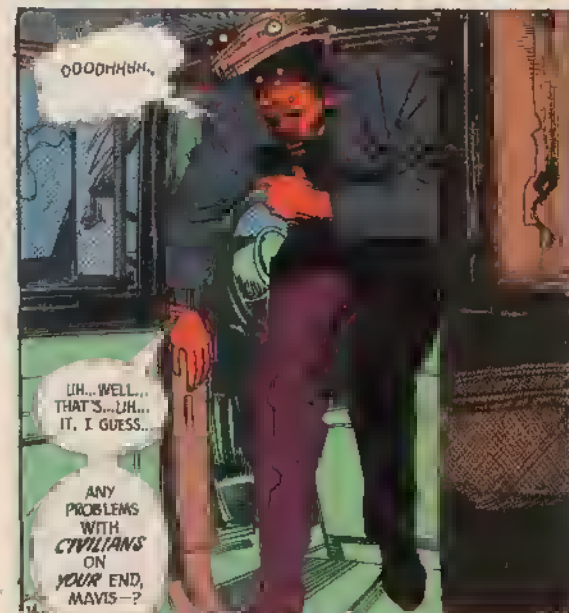
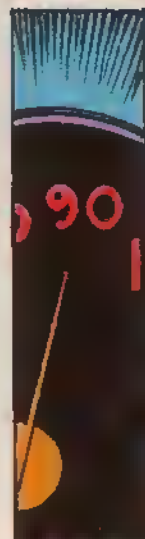


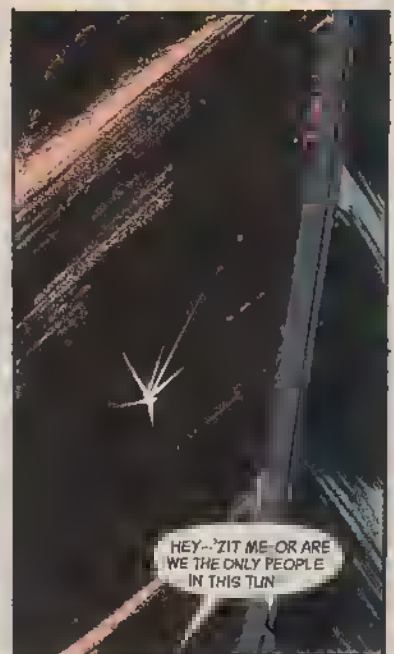
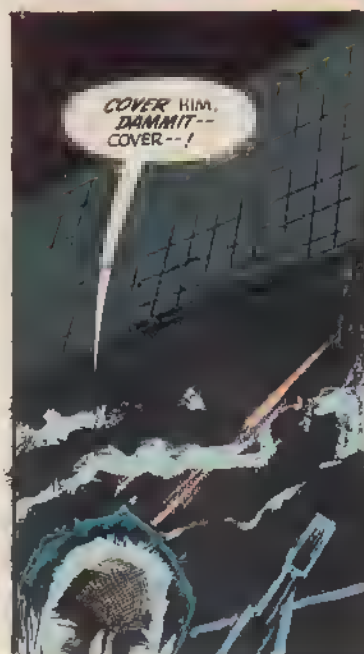
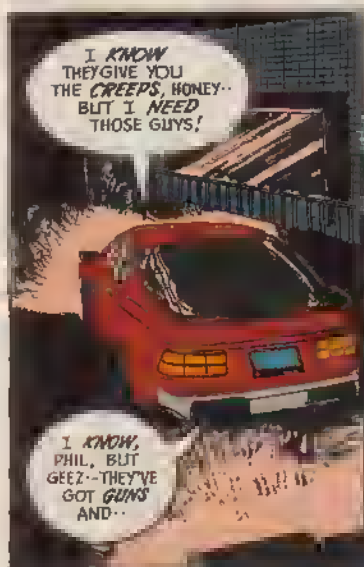
--THE
TOUGH PART
STARTS HERE!

NAHH...
DON'T WORRY
IT, IF HE SAYS
IT'LL WORK--
IT'LL WORK
JUST
FINE--

PAY
TOLL

LANE
MANNED







C'MON... C'MON--
START, YOU %&*#@
IMPORTED--

HURRY, PHIL--
HE'S KILLIN'
THE BOYS--

I CAN SEE THAT,
YOU STUP--

THERE IT GOES--!

GOD--
I THOUGHT
WE'D--

NO WAY--
NOT WITH
MY BOYS
WATCHIN' OUT
FOR ME--

--THAT'S WHY
I PAID THEM THE
BIG BUCKS--
HEH HEH--

--AND
THERE'S MORE
WHERE THEY
CAME FROM--

--SO JUST
STAY RIGHT THERE,
CREEP--

--I'LL BE BACK--
WITH A WHOLE
FREAKIN' ARMY--

SMEAR YOUR BUTT
FROM HERE TO--

PHIL: ?



OF COURSE NOT--
THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING
TO TELL YOU, LORELEI--

--HE'S RIGHT OVER--

WHAT?
I CALL IN
TO REPORT AND
YOU TELL ME
THE MASTER'S
BEEN--

--TWITCH?
WELL, THAT
EXPLAINS IT--
HE WOULDN'T
KNOW HIS--



--HERE,
IT'S FOR
YOU.

PLEASE,
YING-KO--
WITH ALL DUE
RESPECT--

--YES, FATHER--
OUR PERFORMANCE
AT CLUB TWILIGHT
IS TO BEGIN
IN UNDER
TWO HOURS--

NO. WE HAVE
OTHER PRIORITIES
NOW, MY SONS.
YOUR
MUSICAL CAREERS
MUST WAIT...

NOW, ELTON--
WHAT IS IT?

LORELEI SAYS
YOU'RE DYING
IN A HOSPITAL
IN JERSEY--

BUNCH OF AGENTS
ARE GETTING TOGETHER
IN THE TOY BUILDING
OFFICE--SOUNDS TO ME
LIKE THEY'RE HOLDING
A WAKE--

A BIT
PREMATURE,
IF YOU ASK
ME--

--BE NICE
IF YOU
TOLD 'EM
THAT!

I WILL,
ELTON--



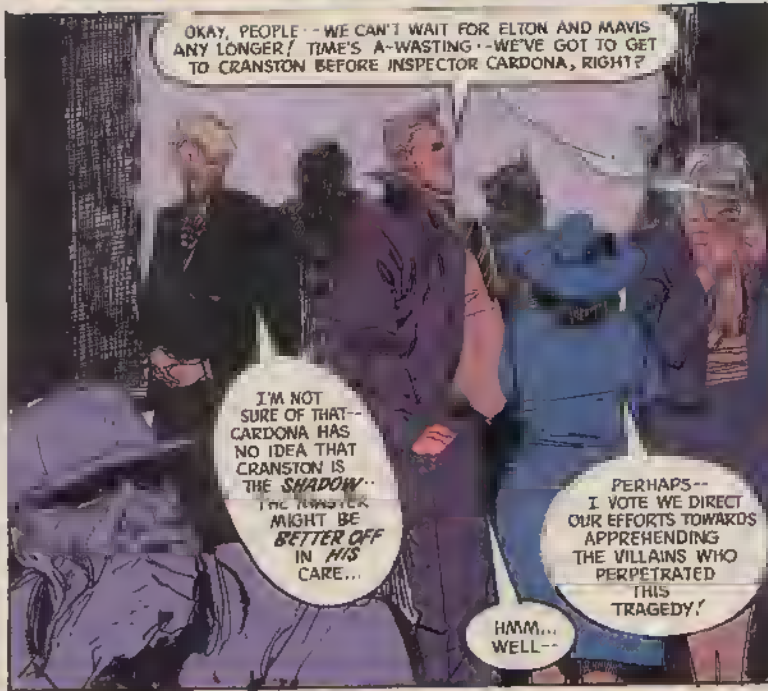
...BUT NOT
OVER THE PHONE...

WE'VE BEEN SITTING HERE
FOR *HOURS*--AND WE
STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT
OUR *NEXT* MOVE
SHOULD BE!



GUESS
WE'RE SO USED
TO *TAKING* ORDERS--
WE'VE ALL
FORGOTTEN HOW TO
GIVE 'EM!

ARALE
IMPORTERS



OKAY, PEOPLE--WE CAN'T WAIT FOR ELTON AND MAVIS
ANY LONGER! TIME'S A-WASTING--WE'VE GOT TO GET
TO CRANSTON BEFORE INSPECTOR CARDONA, RIGHT?

I'M NOT
SURE OF THAT--
CARDONA HAS
NO IDEA THAT
CRANSTON IS
THE *SHADOW*--
THE *MASTER*
MIGHT BE
BETTER OFF
IN HIS
CARE...

PERHAPS--
I VOTE WE DIRECT
OUR EFFORTS TOWARDS
APPREHENDING
THE VILLAINS WHO
PERPETRATED
THIS
TRAGEDY!

HMM...
WELL--



I KNOW HE
DESERVED
TO DIE, ELTON--
BUT HE LEFT ME
SUCH A NICE
TIP--

OH, HI--
SORRY WE'RE
LATE!

WELL, YOU TWO
SEEM *CHIPPY*!
DON'T AT ALL
SEEM
AFFECTED BY
THE *MASTER'S*
CONDITION--

FORTY YEARS
AGO, WE *ALL*
WOULD HAVE
BEEN
DEVASTATED--



LOOK--
I TOLD LORELEI
TO TELL YOU GUYS--
IT'S ALL SOME KIND
OF A
MIX-UP--

NONSENSE--
MAX BROUGHT
PICTURES!

I KNOW--
THE GUY *LOOKS*
LIKE CRANSTON--
BUT HE'S *NOT*!

HARD TO
EXPLAIN--BUT
HE'S THE *CLONE*
OF A MAN NAMED
MAYROCK--A MAN
WHO *TRIED* TO *KILL*
THE *SHADOW*!



AN *INTERESTING*
SPECULATION,
SONNY--BUT THE
PICTURES
DON'T LIE!

TELL ME,
BOY--WHO
FED YOU
THAT LINE
OF *CRAP*?

HE DID.

--HELLO, HARRY--

YOU! BUT--
I THOUGHT--
I MEAN--

YOU THOUGHT *WRONG*. THE MAN IN THOSE PICTURES
IS A *CLONE* OF THE *REAL* LAMONT CRANSTON-- A MAN
WHOSE IDENTITY I ADOPTED AFTER I WITNESSED HIS
DEATH FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE
RESEMBLANCE
BETWEEN US
WAS *UNCANNY*--
SO I HAD
NO PROBLEM
ASSUMING
ALL TITLE TO HIS
VAST WEALTH.

MY ONLY MISTAKE--
AND I *RARELY* MAKE
THEM--WAS IN
BELIEVING CRANSTON
WAS *TRULY* DEAD--

-- FOR HE HAD *NOT* DIED--
AND HAD MANAGED, OVER
THE PAST FORTY YEARS, TO
REBUILD HIS EMPIRE UNDER
THE NAME *PRESTON MAYROCK*.

HE HAD, INCIDENTALLY,
ALSO MANAGED TO BUILD
A 10-MEGATON NUCLEAR
WEAPON WHICH HE AIMED
AT NEW YORK--IN ADDITION
TO THE *CLONE* ELTON
MENTIONED--

-- WHICH
YOU *REFUSED*
TO BELIEVE.

I--UH--
NOT REALLY...
SEEMED A *BIT*
FAR-FETCHED,
THOUGH...

IN A MOMENT OF--
PASSION--THE "*SON*"
KILLED HIS FATHER--
AND I--IN SELF-DEFENSE,
THOUGHT I'D KILLED THE "*SON*"

AND EVEN THOUGH HE FELL
FIFTY-TWO STORIES OFF THE
ROOF OF THE *MAYROCK*
INTERNATIONAL CASINO--

--IT APPEARS I HAVE
ONCE AGAIN UNDERESTIMATED
THE *RESILIENCY* OF
THE CRANSTONS.

AND SINCE *HE* LOOKS
JUST LIKE *CRANSTON* DID--
AND *YOU* LOOK JUST
LIKE *CRANSTON* DID--

WELL,
THANK GOODNESS
THAT'S SOLVED!

C'MON, MARGO--
LET'S GET BACK TO
ROOOOOOO'S-- WE
CAN STILL CATCH
THE LATE--

NO, HARRY. IT IS
NOT OVER, NOT YET.

WE *STILL* HAVE TO
ATTEND TO THE
CRANSTON CLONE.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND--
IF HE'S *NOT* YOU
WHY DO WE
HAVE TO--

MY REASONS ARE PURELY *FINANCIAL*. SINCE
I HAVE DECIDED TO RESUME MY WAR ON CRIME,
I NEED THE *RESOURCES* THE CRANSTON IDENTITY
AFFORDS ME.

I MUST BECOME A CRANSTON AGAIN--
AND WE CAN'T HAVE *TWO* OF THEM
RUNNING AROUND NOW. CAN WE?

I GUESS NOT...

SO, WHAT
DO WE DO--
KILL HIM?

THIS MAN IS *NOT* EVIL-- HE IS BUT A
VICTIM OF CORRUPT *GENETICS*. HIS
HERITAGE IS VILE, TRUE-- BUT IT NEED NOT
BE HIS *DESTINY*.

I MUST SEE HIM. HE MUST BE CONSCIOUS.
I CAN *INFLUENCE* HIM. THEN, LIKE HIS
"FATHER," HE WILL *DISAPPEAR*--

-- AND I WILL
TAKE HIS PLACE.

MAX--
RETURN TO CARDONA.
THE REST OF YOU--



"--PREPARE FOR WORK."

NOW, SEE HERE, LORELEI--

-- I SAID I WAS SORRY--

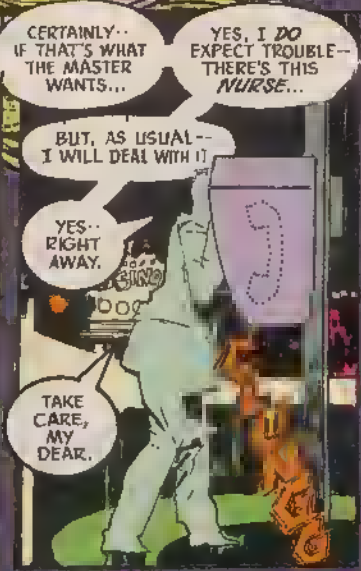
-- AN INNOCENT MISTAKE--

--I-- EH?



WELL - I SUPPOSE I COULD..

-- YOU WANT ME TO WHAT??



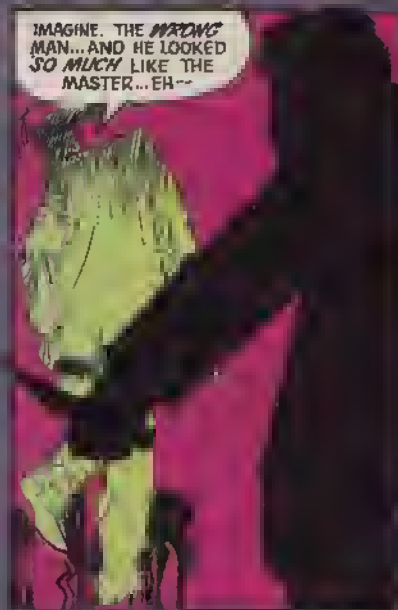
CERTAINLY-- IF THAT'S WHAT THE MASTER WANTS...

YES, I DO EXPECT TROUBLE-- THERE'S THIS NURSE...

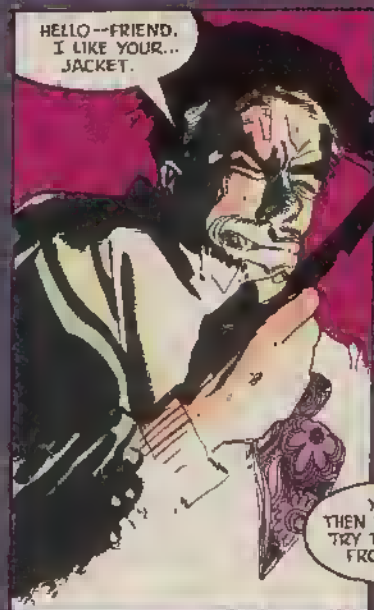
BUT, AS USUAL-- I WILL DEAL WITH IT

YES-- RIGHT AWAY.

TAKE CARE, MY DEAR.



IMAGINE. THE *WRONG* MAN...AND HE LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE THE MASTER...EH--

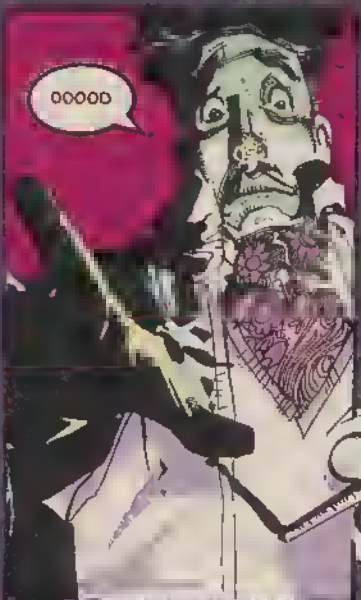


HELLO--FRIEND. I LIKE YOUR... JACKET.

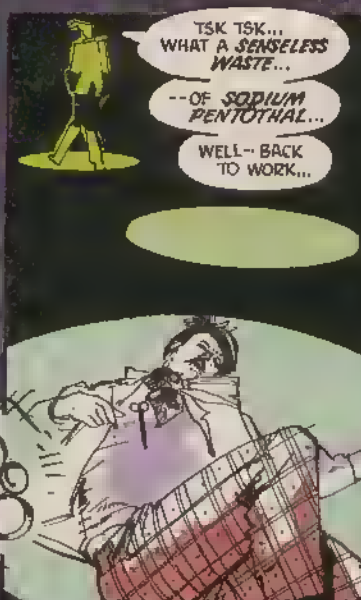
YES? THEN YOU *SHOULD* TRY TO TAKE IT FROM ME--



-- IF YOU CAN!



OOOOO



TSK TSK... WHAT A SENSELESS WASTE...

--OF SODIUM PENTOTHAL...

WELL-- BACK TO WORK...

HELLO, GWENDOLYN.

OH...TWITCH, I--
UH--DON'T WANT NO
TROUBLE NOW--

--TOMORROW BEIN'
MY **LAST NIGHT**
AN' ALL...

LAST NIGHT?
I DONT UNDERSTAND...

THEY GAVE ME
THE **BOOT**--THE AX--
THE OLD **HEAVE-HO**--

--REALLY
MADE A **MESS**
OF THINGS
LAST NIGHT...

BUT IT
WEREN'T MY FAULT,
Y'KNOW--

--NOT A **WORD**
IN THAT **NURSING**
CORRESPONDENCE
COURSE 'BOUT
DEALIN' WIT'
CRAZED
BIKERS!

OH, DEAR.
GWEN--I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO
SAY--

--I--I FEEL
SOMEWHAT
RESPONSIBLE.

YOU? NO.
COULDA HAPPENED
TO **ANYONE**.

IT'S OKAY--
MUST BE
LOTS OF WORK
FOR
58-YEAR-OLD
EX-WRESTLERS...

SO, WHAT
CAN I DO
FOR YOU
TONIGHT?

WELL--
I'D LIKE
TO VISIT A...
SICK
FRIEND--

SURE--
GO 'WAN BACK--
YOU KNOW YOUR
WAY AROUND.

AHHH...
HERE
HE IS...

LET'S SEE--
LORELEI
SAID HE
HAD TO BE
CONSCIOUS--
BUT HE'S SO
PUMPED FULL
OF **PAIN-**
KILLERS,
IT'D TAKE A
NUCLEAR
BLAST
TO
WAKE HIM
UP!

WELL--ONE
NUCLEAR BLAST,
COMING UP...

BE A WHILE
BEFORE IT
TAKES EFFECT--
BUT ONCE IT **DOES**,
CRANSTON-CLONE'S
GONNA BE
FLYING HIGH!

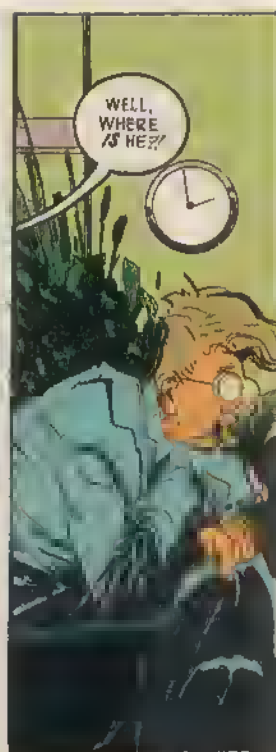
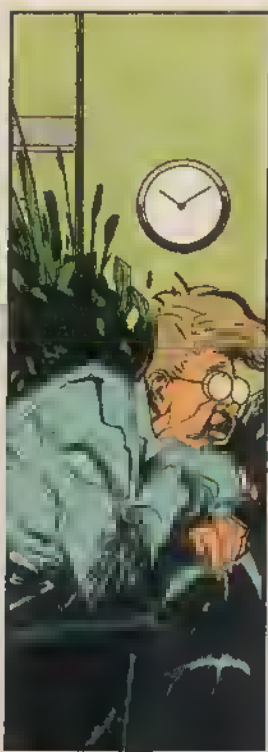
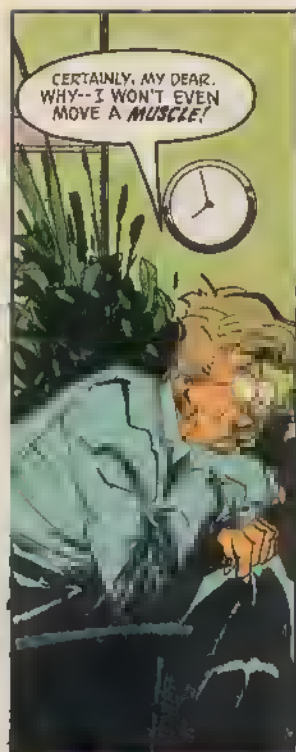
HEY, HOW'S
YOUR FRIEND?

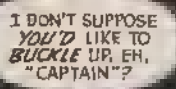
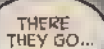
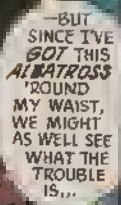
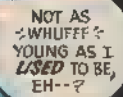
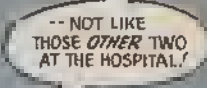
COMING ALONG,
THANK YOU.

I **DO** BELIEVE
HE'LL RECOVER.
MIND IF I
WAIT HERE?

NO, GO AHEAD.
JUST DO ME ONE
FAVOR, OKAY--?

TRY AND
STAY OUT OF
TROUBLE...

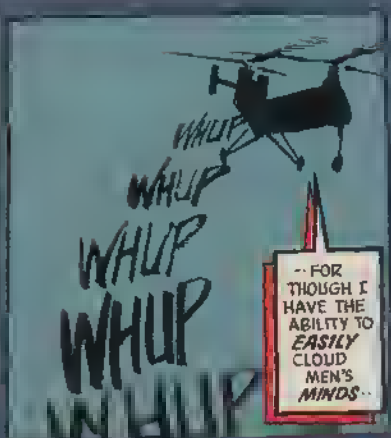




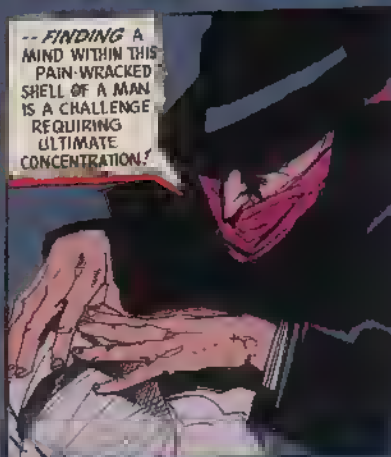


NO.

AND I WOULD APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WOULD REMAIN *QUIET*



-- FOR THOUGH I HAVE THE ABILITY TO *EASILY* CLOUD MEN'S MINDS...

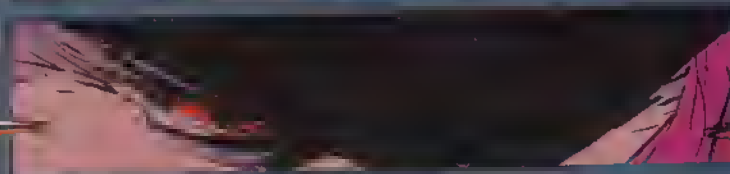


-- FINDING A MIND WITHIN THIS PAIN-WRACKED SHELL OF A MAN IS A CHALLENGE REQUIRING ULTIMATE CONCENTRATION?

DEEP...



DEEP...



CONTROL... CON--?



RRRRRRR



RRRRRRRR--

RRAAARRRGGGGHHH!!!



SUCH...
STRENGTH...
NOT...
HUMAN--

BLACKING
OUT...
NO CHOICE
NOW...

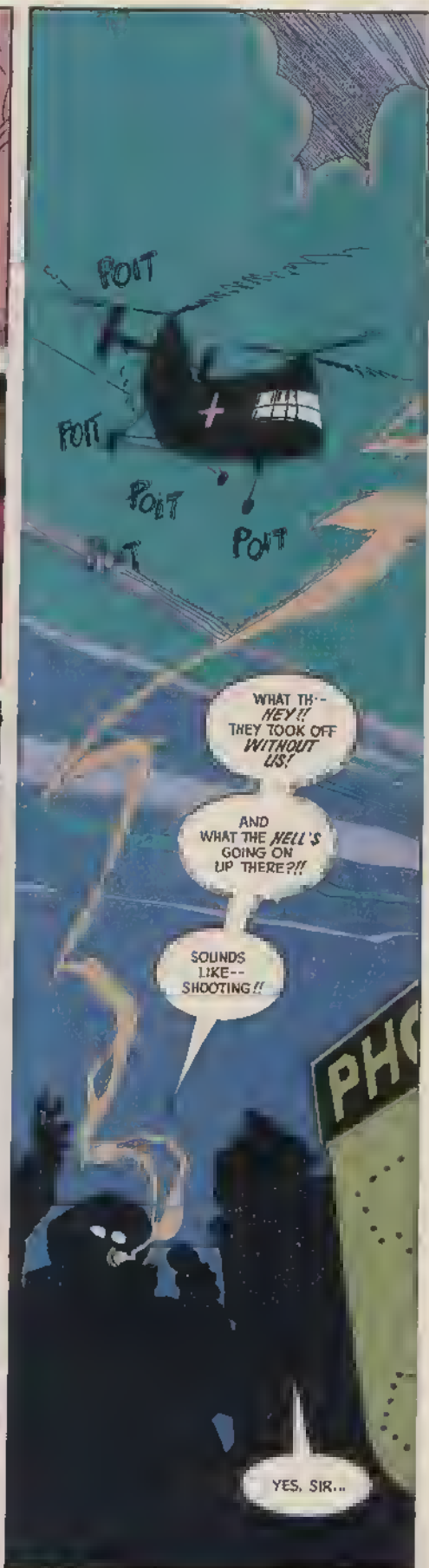
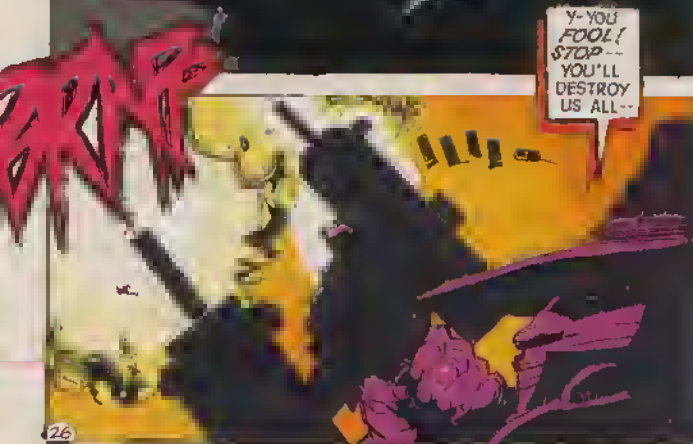


EMERGENCY
EXIT

I... I AM
SORRY...
TRULY...
BUT

NNAAARGGGHH!!

Y-YOU
FOOL!
STOP--
YOU'LL
DESTROY
US ALL--



POIT

POIT

POIT

POIT

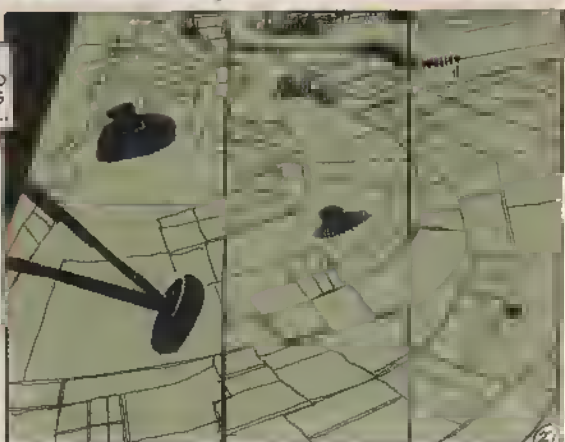
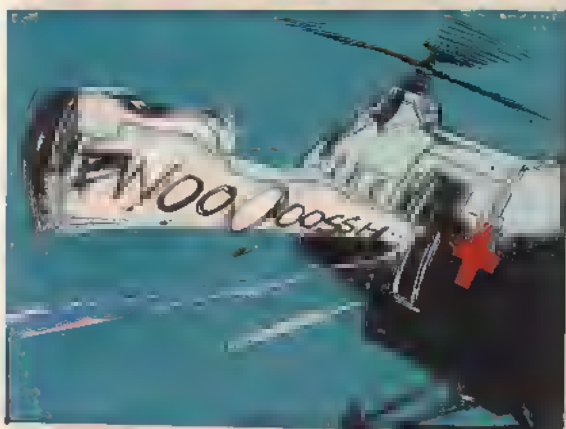
WHAT TH--
HEY!!
THEY TOOK OFF
WITHOUT
US!

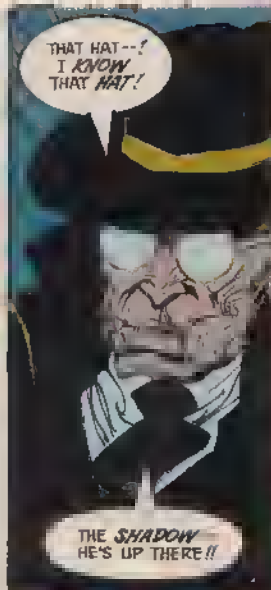
AND
WHAT THE HELL'S
GOING ON
UP THERE?!!

SOUNDS
LIKE--
SHOOTING!!

PHO

YES, SIR...





THAT HAT--!
I *KNOW*
THAT HAT!

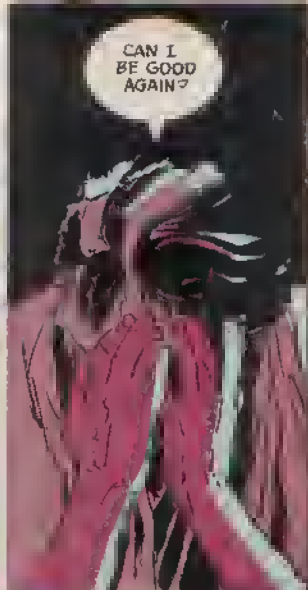
THE *SHADOW*
HE'S UP THERE!!



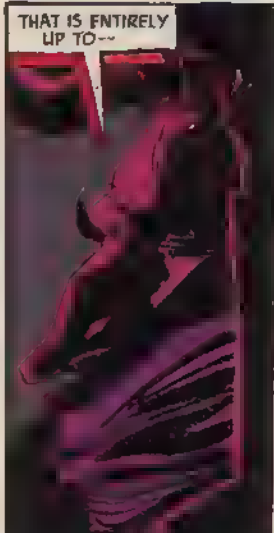
YOU KILLED MY FATHA...
AND YOU SHOT ME. TOO...

BUT MAYBE
I WAS WRONG...
MAYBE WE BOTH
DESERVED IT...

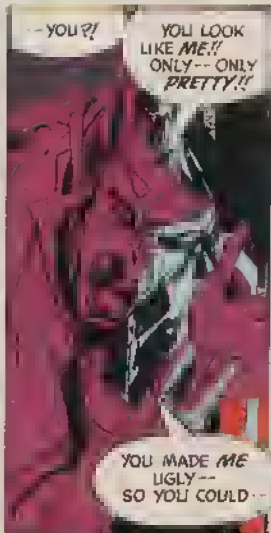
WE
WERE
BAD...



CAN I
BE GOOD
AGAIN?



THAT IS ENTIRELY
UP TO--



--YOU?!

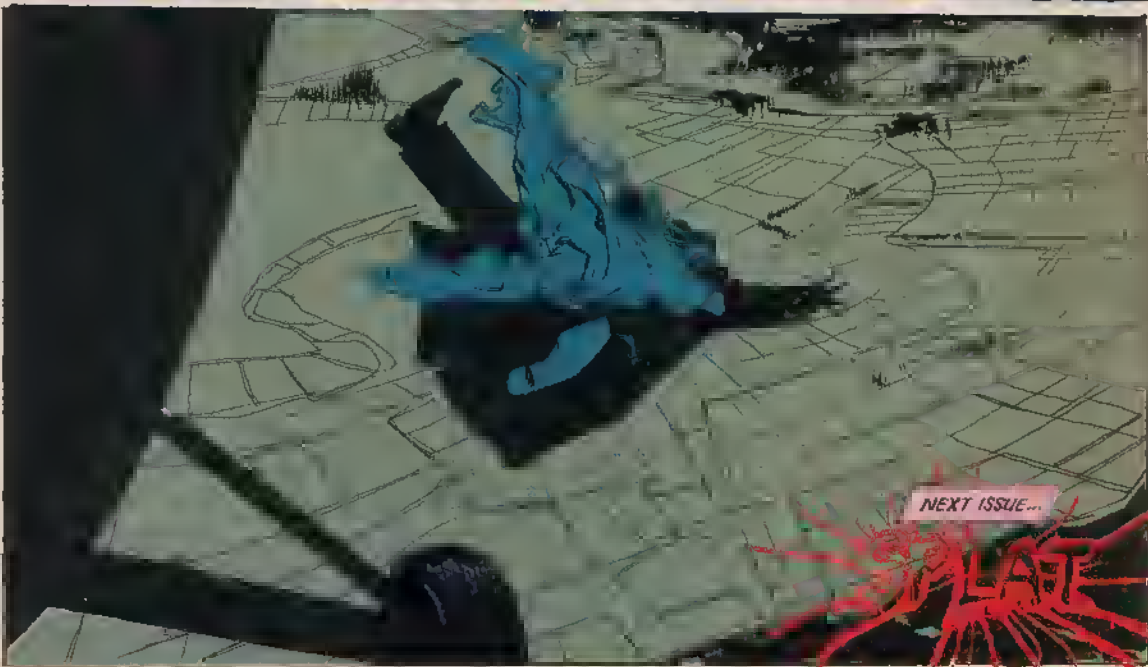
YOU LOOK
LIKE ME!!
ONLY-- ONLY
PRETTY!!

YOU MADE ME
UGLY--
SO YOU COULD--



REAAAAARRRGGGHHHHHHH!

YOU COULD--



NEXT ISSUE...

THE PALACE



Of all the fictional legends established in this nation's brief history, only a small handful of characters have become an intrinsic part of the American myth. Most people know that Superman is Clark Kent and Batman is Bruce Wayne—people who never read the comics, never saw the movies or the television shows or heard the radio plays.

Few other characters have achieved such status: Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, Bugs Bunny and Elmer Fudd, Paul Bunyon and Johnny Appleseed, and only a handful of others. All of these characters are as American as hot dogs and apple pie.

At least one character is equally well-known, but one rarely equates him with apple pie. No, The Shadow is as American as, oh, rock and roll.

And just as your average American knows Superman is Clark Kent, he or she is almost as likely to know that The Shadow is Lamont Cranston.

Of course, in this case, they *might* be wrong.



WHO KNOWS THE SHADOW?

There have been nearly a dozen separate and distinctive incarnations of The Shadow. The confusing part is that many actually overlapped.

The radio Shadow—where the guy started—started out as an on-air master of ceremonies introducing random mystery thrillers and romance stories (yep, *romance stories!*), adapted from material presented in pulp magazines published by Street and Smith.

After a while, it turned out The Shadow could become invisible by "clouding men's (and, presumably, women's) minds," so they let him become a working crimefighter. His real name was Lamont Cranston and, whereas he had no agents, he could rely upon the assistance of one Margo Lane. She was in on the secret identity bit.

During his anthology host days, the radio Shadow was so successful he spawned a printed clone. The pulp Shadow couldn't turn invisible, had dozens of agents (eventually, Margo Lane sort of became one of them), and masqueraded as Lamont Cranston but was, in fact, some aviator guy named Kent Allard. Mostly, though, he was The Shadow, and he inspired the radio crimefighter of the same name.

The Shadow also appeared in the movies in a number of short, multi-chapter sagas—serials, similar to the popular Flash Gordon serials that have been a staple of television for nearly forty years. This incarnation was similar to the radio version, although some of the visuals seem to have been inspired by the graphics found in the pulp novels.

The newspaper comics Shadow was written by the guy who created the pulp series—Walter Gibson—but was sort of a cross between the radio show and the pulps. The Shadow was Lamont Cranston, but he didn't seem to turn invisible. Nor did he have any agents, outside of Margo, who wasn't an agent.

The first comic book Shadow tracked the radio series, although it was published by the pulp house and written (for a time) by Gibson. *Shadow Comics* kept an eye out on commercial trends: on the heels of Robin, Bucky, Speedy and Superboy, this particular incarnation tried to add a "Shadow Junior" to the myth. In this specific regard, it wasn't too successful. Nice artwork in the latter issues from Bob Powell, though.

Long after the pulps and the radio show stopped their original runs (the former continued from time to time in paperback originals and reprints; the latter always has been available in radio syndication and on record and audio tape), our friends at Archie Comics triad their hand. The first issue resembled the radio series in concept if not in tone; the latter issues looked like a typical superhero comic book. It lasted eight issues.

Nearly ten years later, in 1973, DC picked up the character and placed it in the more-than-capable hands of writer Dennis O'Neil. Inspired by Gibson's classic pulp novels, Denny, along with artists Michael Kaluta, Frank Robbins, and E.R. Cruz, captured the pulps in both spirit and in detail, adding the best of the radio concepts. It did somewhat better than the Archie version—it lasted twelve issues.



ENTER CHAYKIN

This past year, DC again picked up the character for a four-issue SHADOW mini-series. This time, Howard Chaykin took over the myth, keeping what he liked, discarding what didn't make sense, and then updating what was left to the 1980s. His Shadow was as different from the popular radio version as

DC Comics Inc.
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Dick Giordano, Vice Pres.: Executive Editor
Mike Carlin, Editor
Mike Gold, Consulting Editor
Richard Bruning, Art Director
Terri Cunningham, Mgr.: Editorial Admin.
Pat Bastienne, Mgr.: Editorial Coordinator
Bob Rozekis, Production Manager
Paul Levitz, Executive Vice President
Joe Orlando, Vice Pres.: Creative Director
Ed Shukin, Vice Pres.: Circulation
Bruce Bristow, Marketing Director
Patrick Caidon, Controller

were Gibson's pulp stories.

In taking a fresh look at The Shadow, Chaykin added a sense of energy heretofore unseen in any previous incarnation. Now, The Shadow was not just as dangerous as rock and roll—he also was just as exciting.

In updating the series, Chaykin literally killed off a lot of Gibson's agents, and aged a few others while keeping The Shadow the same age. Graphically, he matched Gibson's narrative violence while adding a sexual undercurrent undreamed of by Gibson and his 1930s pulp writer contemporaries. His tone spoke to the 1980s in much the same way Gibson's tone typified the most entertaining of 1930s pulp fiction.

In taking such a dramatic departure from all the previous incarnations, THE SHADOW became quite a controversial comic book. Many old-time fans became quite vocal—as if Chaykin was treading on sacred grounds. Of course, that was *exactly* what Howard was doing—that was the job he signed on for—and clearly, it worked.

This SHADOW mini-series was extremely well received by the general readership—each issue sold out quickly, and the first issue was commanding a premium of three or four times cover price within weeks of release. Pressure was brought to bear by the fans to continue the series; pressure was brought to bear by comics shop owners to produce an all-in-one reprint of the mini-series.

Controversial, yes ... but Howard Chaykin's vision of The Shadow also was very popular.



THE NEXT STEP

Reprinting the mini-series proved to be no problem; we commissioned a new cover from Chaykin, edded some behind the scenes material, and tossed it over to the sundry production and printing people. Creating an on-going SHADOW series is slightly more difficult.

First, we had to obtain permission from Conde Nast, the publishing operation that now controls Street and Smith's properties. Then, we had to face the Chaykin problem.

In these continuity-conscious times, when a number of DC Comics editors and writers expressed an interest to continue THE SHADOW in an on-going monthly, it made most sense to continue the most recent character: remember, of

all the attempts to produce a SHADOW comic book since the end of the pulp magazine and the radio series, only Howard Chaykin's was successful.

By this time, Chaykin had gone on to other projects—such as the forthcoming BLACKHAWK series. After all, he had only signed on for the make-over and the initial four issues, and he wrote and drew a "bible" for his successors.

Recasting the creative team and interpreting the version became the next task. There was no shortage of volunteers, each wanting to put their own twist on the Chaykin approach. This is both natural and desirable. It's also quite a challenge.



THE NEXT WAVE

Len Wein was the first writer to express a desire to take a shot at THE SHADOW. Len had some terrific ideas, but the more we discussed the series, the more clear it became that he was uncomfortable with keeping the series set in modern time. Coupled with some timing and contractual considerations, Len took himself out of the running, eventually opting out for the dialog and of WONDER WOMAN.

Contrary to popular belief, great comics ideas are not a dime a dozen—nor are they easily forgotten. Hopefully, we will be able to put Len and his concept to the task in a pulp-era story, annual or mini-series.

Andy Helfer was in the on-deck circle. Clearly, here is a man who has a solid appreciation for the modern-era story line. Andy served as Howard's editor on THE SHADOW mini-series.

One of the more talented writers to come down the pike in recent years, Andy's DEADMAN mini-series was in release at the time and I was quietly attempting to coerce him into writing a formal proposal for an on-going DEADMAN series. Andy's image as a writer had been eclipsed by his work as an editor: he's very gifted at both, but he's done a lot more of the latter.

Not only did Andy show great enthusiasm for continuing the contemporary series, he had some fabulous ideas of where to go and how to expand on what we had: new agents, some semi-subversive activity within the group of agents. His plots reflected the same sort of high-volume rock and roll energy shown in Chaykin's mini-series—no mean feat. Outside of Mike Baron, Tim Truman and the aforementioned Howard Chaykin, Andy's the only writer I've seen pull that *specific* type of energy off in the comics medium.

O.K. So we had a writer. Now we needed an artist. After some suggestions and even some samples from a couple of talented guys who, for one reason or another, simply didn't work out, Andy suggested contacting Bill Sienkiewicz.

Did anybody ever walk up to you with the perfect solution to a problem? You

know, it's so right on the money you can see the light bulb go off over his head? That's how I felt when I heard Andy's suggestion.

I bow to no one in my respect for Bill Sienkiewicz's work. His basic style met all the needs: it represented the same type of energy found in Andy's scripts, it suited the mood of a modern-era Shadow, and it wasn't contradictory to the style Chaykin established in the mini-series.

Indeed, it was so right on the money that, when he heard about it, Howard Chaykin called me up at home to tell me he thought we made the perfect move.

One problem: Bill was tied up with the final issues of Marvel's *Elektra: Assassin* mini-series. If we wanted him on THE SHADOW, we'd have to postpone our release by several months.

Postponing a book is a heavy financial and marketing decision: we attempt to have a balance of books during any given month, and certain financial commitments can be made based upon anticipated results of our scheduled books. But when everybody heard of the trade-off, there was no debate: waiting the couple extra months for Bill was worth it.

All that left us was in need of a line editor.

Originally, I was going to edit the series, and I worked with Andy on his overview, his first two stories and a fill-in (drawn by Marshall Rogers and tentatively scheduled for issue #7). I wanted to work with Andy and with Bill, and I've always loved The Shadow.

Unfortunately, my schedule was overflowing, what with FLASH, THE QUESTION, VIGILANTE, GREEN ARROW, BLACKHAWK, DOOM PATROL, PEACEMAKER, LEGENDS, several projects still

in development, and my consulting work on the TITANS titles and on the CRIMSON AVENGER (bet you wondered how I was going to work all those plugs in?). Of all these series, only THE SHADOW already was established—it was easiest to turn over to another editor.

Enter Mika Carlin.

We had just picked Mike up from Marvel, and he was looking for a series he could sink his teeth into. By co-editing the Superman titles, he already had developed a working relationship with Andy, and as his work at Marvel clearly indicates, the man is one of the most solid editors working today.

Helfer, Sienkiewicz, Carlin. The Shadow is in good hands, and now THE SHADOW is in *your* hands.

Let us know what you think.



A few plugs. I mentioned we've gathered Howard's mini-series together in one square-bound volume—it should be available at the same place you purchased this comic.

Second, some of the aforementioned people have come together to do *another* mini-series based upon a classic Street and Smith pulp hero, as editors Helfer and Carlin are joined by writer O'Neil and the Brothers Kubert (Adam and Andy) on the art to produce a contemporary DOC SAVAGE mini-series, which is due out in late summer. Keep an eye out for it.

Finally, *next month*, Cardona declares all-out war on The Shadow and his agents.

We'll see you right here in four weeks.

—Mike Gold

